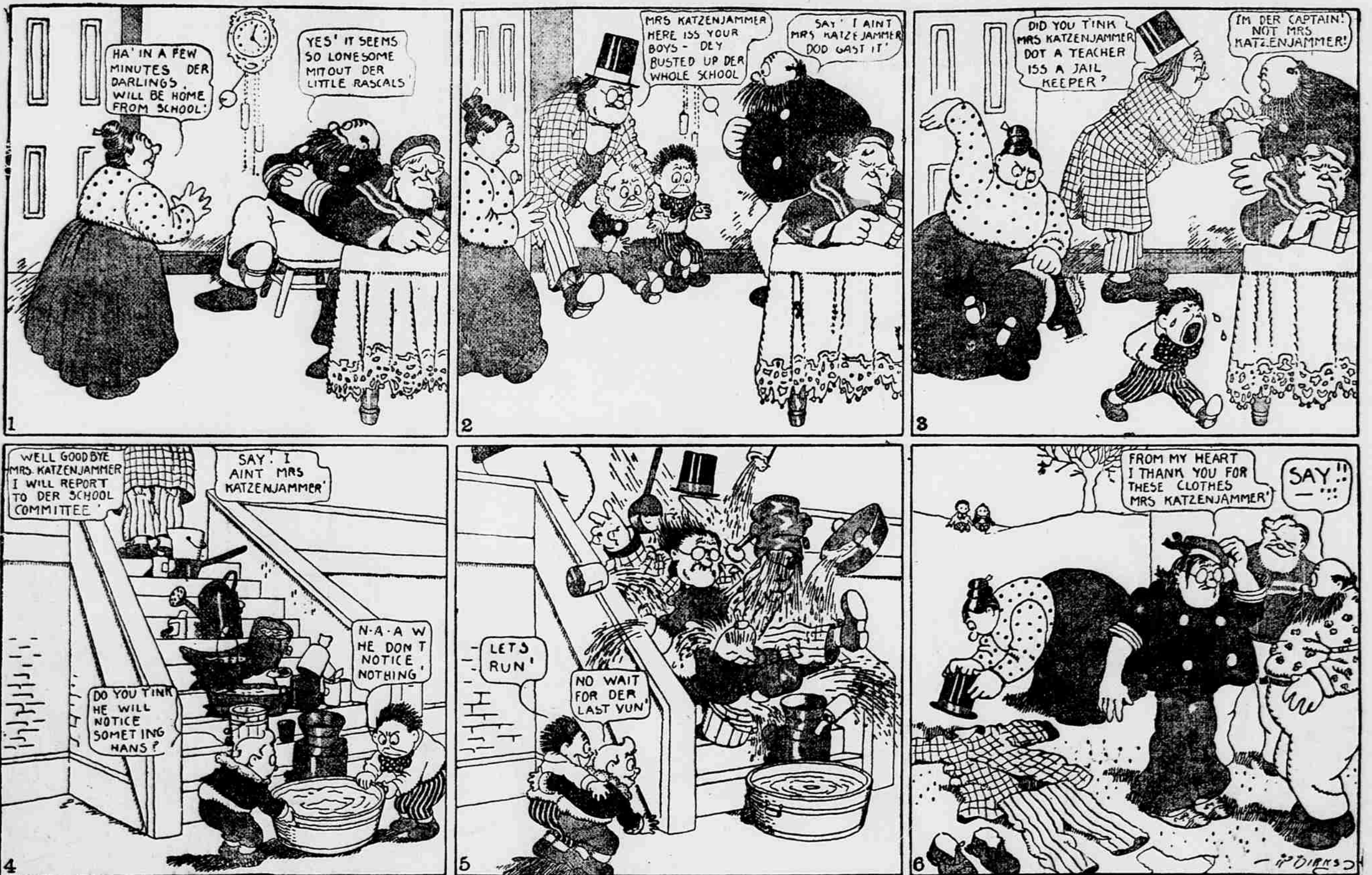


YES, DER DARLINGS CAME HOME!

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HARD TIMES.



Paterfamilias: "Lucky beggar! He can always make both ends meet."

HER PAPA'S GIRL

The wooing had progressed splendidly. It had even progressed to a point where she had been won—that is, ostensibly won. If she proved to be a truthful girl, she would, in time, be the wife. If she were not truthful—well, no man wants a wife who is not truthful. That's the way some men console themselves when they fail to marry.

But she seemed to be truthful, and as he drew her closer to him he whispered: "And when we are married, dearest, we will have the happiest home in all the wide, wide world."

"Yes, George," she replied.

"There can never be a harsh word in our home."

"No, George."

"And when I come home tired and worn out with work at the office and the worries of business you'll be kind to me."

"Yes, George."

"I knew you would. You'll soothe me and put me in better humor."

"Yes, but I say, George!"

"Yes, dearest."

"Why shouldn't you do a little of this yourself?"

"Why, darling—"

"Yes, that's all right. But to come right down to business, as papa says—why shouldn't you also be kind to me when things go wrong? I don't want to do it all, you know. You're not looking for a private nurse, are you?"

"Why, Mabel!"

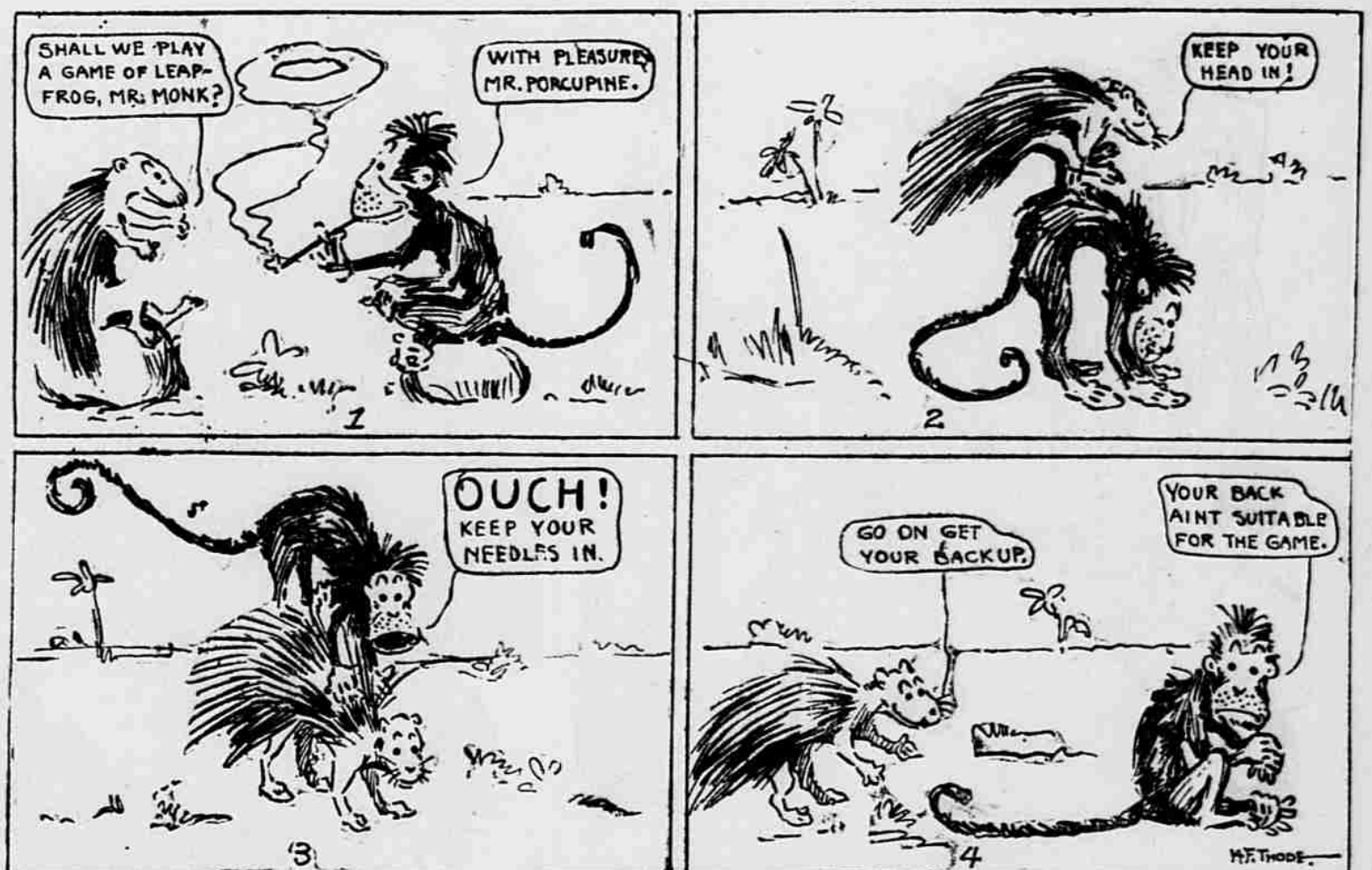
"When the cook leaves unexpectedly to go to the bedside of her second cousin you might be just a trifle considerate, you know."

"How strangely you talk, pet!"

"Well, they say I'm papa's girl, you know, and I notice when anyone tries to make a bargain with him he generally gets some stipulations to his own interest put in, just as a precaution!"—London Tit-Bits.

On the Ladder.
Most men climbing up life's ladder cannot seem to see the ground. Thinking they are so exalted. When they reach the second round. —New York Herald.

LEAPFROG IN THE JUNGLE



A PERSONAL FAVOR

One of the most picturesque figures of the New York bar was the late Thomas Nolan, a lawyer, whose witty retorts furnished subjects for merriment at many a lawyers' gathering. Now, Nolan was at one time counsel for a poor widow who was suing a construction company for the death of her husband. The case had been placed upon the "day calendar," but had been frequently postponed, and Mrs. Moriarty, by the time she had made her fifth call, was in an exceedingly disturbed frame of mind, consequently the tones of Nolan's rich brogue were more than usually fervid as he fought against the sixth adjournment.

"I am sorry," said Justice Dugre, "but your opponent has shown me good cause for the adjournment, Mr. Nolan, and the case will, therefore, go over till tomorrow."

"Very well, sor," said the barrister, sweetly, "but might I ask you personal favor of this court?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

"Will your honor kindly step down to my office and just tell Mrs. Moriarty that you have adjourned the case?"—Success.

Stating His Up.
"Very well, you may make a suit for me," said Slopay, "but how long will it take you?"

"About a week," replied the tailor.

"Positively? A friend of mine who recommended me here told me you seldom delivered suits on time."

"He was right. We only deliver them C. O. D."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Simian Retort.
First Society Monkey: "Ah, Jocko is so original."

Second Society Monkey: "What has he done now?"

First Society Monkey: "Given a dinner to some educated human beings."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WISE DOG.



The Hobo: "Little boy, is your dog well trained?"

The Boy: "Yes, he knows enough to keep away from poison ivy, mushrooms and hobs."

A CLEW.

Policeman: "What makes you think this dog was stolen from a lady?"

Detective: "Because I walked down Woodward avenue with it, and it stopped in front of all the store windows."—Detroit Free Press.

ONE ON THE MULE.

William H. Taft, Secretary of War, weighs 230 pounds. His predecessor in office, Elihu Root, tips the scales at only half that figure.

When Secretary Taft was Civil Governor of the Philippines his health was sadly undermined. He was laboring under great responsibility in governing the archipelago, where conditions were yet so disturbed as to give Secretary Root and President Roosevelt much concern. Mr. Root therefore requested Judge Taft to keep him advised by the new Pacific cable as to the state of his health. One day this message came to Mr. Root from Governor Taft at Benguet, in the mountains near Manila:

"Rode ten miles on a mule to-day. Am feeling much better."

Mr. Root chuckled and doubled with mirth in the chair which Secretary Taft has since discarded as too small. He dictated this reply:

"Taft, Benguet: Glad to hear it, but how is the mule?"

ROOT.

Candor.
"I understand that you went to Bilgins to borrow money?"

"Yes," answered the amiable but impudent man.

"What's the trouble? Have I ever refused you anything?"

"No."

"Then why didn't you come to me?"

"Well, the truth is, you're so easy that there's no sport in it."

Confusing.
"It is very easy to be misled nowadays," said Miss Cayenne.

"In what way?"

"When you smell gasoline you can't tell whether a person has been cleaning his gloves or riding in an automobile."—Washington Star.

USELESSNESS OF TRADE

"When I was staying up in a little place in Maine last summer, where I frequently go for a few weeks' rest," said Captain Clarence True of the Seventy-first Regiment, U. S. A., "I made the acquaintance of 'Cy' Stillman, who kept the store. 'Cy' was a unique character. He was fat, slovenly and supremely lazy, but he was also the local philosopher, and highly respected."

"We had a 'spell of wet weather' and I needed a pair of rubbers, so I went down to 'Cy's' store to get them. 'Cy' was in his old swivel armchair, with his feet up on the counter, puffing a cornucopia pipe."

"Cy, I want a pair of your rubbers. No. 1," I said.

"Why I can't oblige ya, Cap," he replied, after puffing awhile in silence and without making a move. "I'm all out of rubbers, but I can let you have some tannery stuff."

"What are you talking about, Cy? I saw a whole box full of rubbers behind the counter only yesterday."

"Oh, did ya? Well, I guess they're still there, but, dumb as I am, I don't want to bother to sell 'em. What's the use? I'd only have to go and buy a lot more to stock up with ag'in. No, I'm sorry, but I'm all out of rubbers."

"And he wouldn't sell me a pair. That's the queerest storekeeping I ever found."—New York Herald.

What She Wanted.
"And tying her bonnet beneath her chin she tied a young man's heart within."

With a sigh and frown she let it go; she was trying to lasso an old man's dough.

—Houston Post.



The Stage Manager: "As Biggs is sick, you will have to play Samson to-night."

Barnstorm: "That's fine. I need a hair-cut bad."